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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Signor Masoni.

FROM THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. BROWN.

(A FANTASY PIECE.)

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(Concluded from p. 116.)

Within a month after his arrival in Paris he had met his old master and the family several times, and had passed one or two evenings at their hotel. One evening—the date he remembered as being associated with the events of 1848, it was Feb. 28th—he met the Masons at an evening party, to which he had accepted an invitation only upon the usual terms. He had had more conversation than on any former occasion with Miss Sarah, during which something in her manner told him that under all her politeness was still a feeling of superiority to one whose extraction and previous life were so veiled in mystery. While carrying on a lively chat with another young lady, who was evidently proud of her companion, his thoughts were occupied with this, and a feeling of mortification disturbed him.

"I do wish you would ask him to play," said a young lady's voice at a little distance.

"My dear young lady," said the master of the house, "the Signor is invited here as a friend, not as an artist. You know his aversion to playing in mixed companies, and it would be an outrage on delicacy for me to request him to pay for his evening's entertainment, in music! You must indeed excuse me."

"But Bell Hastings has been telling us how splendidly he played at their house, Wednesday evening, and I am dying to hear him," returned the young lady.

"That is a mere American exaggeration," said Mr. B., "for I certainly never saw you look so

charmingly. Happy for me that I am a grave and reverend Signior!"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the voice; "what a provoking man you are, with your delicacy! I say, Miss Mason, Miss Sarah Mason, I mean," continued the young lady after a moment's pause, "you ask him. I know he can't refuse you, with your great, grand, winning way."

"We will see as to that, thought I," said Masoni, as he described the scene. "I closed the conversation with my chatty neighbor, by some commonplace gallantry, and sauntered away to the piano-forte in the next room, where some of the more musical were collected, and accepted the invitation to play a Polonaise by Chopin. When I closed, Miss Mason was standing near me; oh, how beautiful she looked, with her noble face showing her interest in and appreciation of the music!"

"If Signor Masoni can play the difficult music of Chopin so exquisitely, how superb must be that violin playing which renders his accomplishments upon the piano-forte quite forgotten and unnoticed," said she.

"I bowed my thanks for the compliment."

"Could not the Signor be induced to break through his rule, and gratify his numerous friends who have never heard him, by giving them the means of judging for themselves how much he excels our other famous virtuosos?" continued she.

"May I adopt what I am told is an American habit, though why I do not know, and reply to Miss Mason's question by asking another? I am told that Miss Mason is a remarkable performer upon this instrument. Please cast your eye upon the company in this suite of rooms, and say whether you would like to make an exhibition of your art in this promiscuous assembly?"

"But you are an artist." Instantly sensible that she had made a false step, she added, "you are a man."

"True; and because I am a man, and, I venture to say, an artist from my inmost soul, and because the tones of my violin are the language of that soul, I shrink from holding up any acquirements I may have made, as a mere subject of wonder and astonishment to people who cannot comprehend the language in which I thus speak."

"But I hear of your playing in the large and frivolous assemblies of the head salons."

"True again, I do so. I do it, too, for money. But those are circles in which I neither have, nor wish to have, a social position. I go thither, perform my part in the programme, and seek in other society that intellectual enjoyment which the man and not the virtuoso craves."

"But—"

"Excuse me a moment longer, Miss Mason. I fear you do not view this matter in its true light. I am a devout admirer of the noble literature of your country, and some of its greatest names in science and letters are familiar to me. I find that they, almost without exception, are in the habit of lecturing in seminaries of learning, or in public promiscuous assemblies, for money. But could you, on this account, in such an assembly as this, request Longfellow the Poet, Emerson the Essayist, or Whitney the Geologist, to mount a temporary rostrum, and give us a specimen of their powers?"

"Certainly not." And with a cold, distant, and queen-like bow she left me.

"The next week I received an invitation to a house, whose head was a man of fine musical taste, and which was one of the few where I had consented to break through my rule. My instinct told me that she had had the selection of the company, for there was not an unmusical person in the room, and that it was in fact her party collected at Mr. W.'s house, in order to give her an opportunity to invite me to play, which she could not do at home, without a decided breach of good manners.

"After a delightful hour of general social intercourse in the small and select circle present, Miss Mason came to me as I was conversing with Mr. W., and at the first pause addressed me:

"Signor Masoni, I wish in the presence of our host to ask your pardon for the undervaluation of you as a man, and as an artist, implied in my request the other evening for you to play; I have thought much of what you said, and feel fully how strong in the right you were. You see who the people here this evening are, and I think you cannot refuse to join me, in the endeavor to afford them a pleasure, which I hope they may not soon be able to forget."

"Oh, Brown, with what a smile was that said! I was recognized by her as her equal to the fullest extent."

"Why, Masoni," said I; "Talleyrand or Van Buren could not have shown greater tact!"

"I know nothing as to that, my demeanor towards her was instinctive."

"Indeed, Miss Mason, before a company in which you are willing to exhibit your talents and genius, I certainly can have no scruples."

"The servant was despatched for my instrument, and in the meantime she selected from the heap of music a work which she handed me for my approval."

"It was Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

"We played it. She *did* play like an angel. I never played that piece so before."

The long story of Masoni's gradually growing

intimacy with the young lady I pass over. It is the old tale. He had never intimately known any young, beautiful and accomplished woman, and he soon began to live only during the hours when he was by her piano-forte. His incognito was perfect. Old Peter, from whom he feared recognition, if from any one, was as humble and obsequious to the great Signor, the violinist who made his pockets richer by many a franc, as to any of the gentlemen who visited at the house. His passion increased almost to delirium. He forgot me, he forgot everything else.

Did she in any degree return his feelings? He felt that he possessed a strong influence over her. She certainly loved the artist,—did she care for the man?

Let it not be supposed that he ever dared to speak, or in any manner hint, to Miss Mason of the fire which was consuming him. There was that in her manner—ever cordial, kind, polite as it was to him, haughty, proud, and even arrogant as he saw her to others, the plantation girl still—which prevented this. He believed himself becoming as necessary to her as she was to him. He fancied he could read all he wished in the expression of her eyes, and in the effect of his playing upon her, and yet there was a certain coldness in the tones of her voice when conversing with him, a certain repelling element strangely infused into her cordiality and politeness, which crushed every hope.

Hope! What did he hope? He could not say. He did not know. He thought only of the present moment. The future was a thick darkness, at which he shuddered, but into which he did not seek to penetrate.

Summer came on apace, and the Masons began to talk of a tour in Scotland. Why, as the time approached for their departure, did such a change take place in Miss Sarah? Whence that increasing air of constraint in her intercourse with Masoni? Whence that occasional uncertainty in her performance? that growing preference for the darker and more sad productions of Beethoven? Whence that half melancholy, dreamy mood in which she would sit listening to Masoni's extemporizations? She conversed with him less and less, but when she did speak, the tones of her voice were tenderer, and the repelling influence grew ever weaker. Still he dared not speak—he gave no hint upon which he might speak.

"Three weeks ago," Masoni went on, "I was preparing to go out in the forenoon as usual, when a carriage stopped before the house. It was the Masons' coach, and a moment after old Peter came stumbling up to my door.

"Massa and Misses' compliments to the Signor, and would be berry happy to know if he has any engagement dis forenoon.

"No, Peter, why?"

"In datcase, here is a note for Massa Signor."

"Here is the note, Brown:

"Miss Mason's compliments to Signor Masoni. The rest of the family have gone out for a few hours' ride, and she would be happy to continue her musical studies with the Signor in the meantime, if it be consistent with his other engagements.

Paris, June 20th."

"There is no occasion for that look, Brown,—there is nothing uncommon in the note—she chose to practise when the house was still, and her parents and sister chose to take their drives without her, so that such notes came every week. I have saved this as a relic, for it was the last.

"Our music would not go. We turned from Mozart to Beethoven—from the sonatas to the romances, in vain. Even of the 'Kreutzer Sonata' we could make nothing. Her fingers at length left the keys—mine did but mechanically rest upon the strings. We sat long without a word. A flood of joy, an ocean of happiness, too great for speech, overwhelmed me. I felt that all I could ask was mine. All thought of, every consideration in regard to the difference in our positions had been for weeks obliterated. It was as if the world contained but two beings, and we made for each other. And now at this moment, when the gate of Paradise was opened, it was the horrible face of my bosom demon that looked upon me. Ho! ho! pretty well for a nigger!

"I seemed actually to hear the old mockery. I started and turned round to see if any one was there who had uttered the words. I was, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, crushed to the earth. Without the warning of this imaginary (real?) voice, I really believe that in the delirium of my joy I should have broken the silence by speaking of the whirlwind of passion which was sweeping me before it—and—and that it would have been well received. But now I saw in all its fearful extent the awful gulf that separated us. Did I read her heart aright, she could never join her fate to mine until the mystery which surrounded me was cleared up,—and what hope had I if that secret was disclosed!

"If I had spoken!

"Yet, I fully believe she awaited and expected it. I could see the effort it cost her, at length, still without turning to me—for she had sat all this time at the piano—to say scarce audibly: 'Play, Signor, I shall not hear you many times more!'

"It was almost impossible, but I obeyed. My feeling soon began to find expression in the tones of my instrument, in all their horror and despair. I never played so before—I never shall again. I did not play—it was the demon, and the drops stood upon my cold forehead as I heard the tones. That proud, strong nature at length gave way entirely, and, bowing her head, she wept like a child. I paused. With an effort that agitated her whole frame, she recovered her dignity and composure and made some slight remark, which told me in its tones that the crisis was past, and had passed unimproved—that, were I other than I was, the shock to her haughty nature was one not easily to be forgotten. After some minutes again of silence, during which she fully resumed her self-composure, she turned towards me, and said in a calm voice—it is all engraved upon my memory—as with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever—"There is something in your music to-day, which I used to hear when I was a girl."

"I bowed, I could not speak.

"Oh ho!" whispered the demon, 'give her the old plantation music, and see if she will recognize it.'

"Let the psychologist explain why and how that allusion to my boyhood for the moment changed the whole current of my feelings—converted for the instant all my love, my despair, into some demoniac feeling of hatred to the beautiful and injured being before me. I saw in her only the young girl who had crushed me, like a nauseous insect, years before—and I did play the old plantation music. I had played but a few

moments with my eyes fixed upon hers—I have no doubt filled with the lurid light of the sea of fire within me—and her eyes fastened to mine as if fascinated by a serpent, when an expression of scorn, mingled with humbled pride, hopeless love, outraged womanhood, each triumphing in turn, shot into every feature of her face, and filled all her figure with an indescribable majesty, as she rose, and, white as the driven snow, trembling in every limb, just gasped out—

"Who are you?"

"Miss Mason, the scars of the brutal flogging once given to the violinist, whom you used to hear when you were a girl, are upon my back, and they smart yet!

"Such a shriek!

"The French servants, who hastened into the room, bore away their senseless mistress, and I went home with the pangs of Erebus in my bosom, but my demon in triumph.

"That evening a note informed me that the visits of Signor Masoni could no longer be received at the house of Mr. Mason.

"Of course not, and yet before a week had passed I was ringing at the door. I could not refrain. Peter came. The moment he saw me he assumed all the dignity of an old Roman, and, not waiting for me to speak, said,—'Berry sorry to be so imperlite, but Signor Masoni's visits isn't agreeable to the family.'

"But, Peter, for heaven's sake, how is Miss Sarah?"

"Berry sorry to be so imperlite, I say, but I must not have no sort of communication with Signor Masoni. Massa's orders is positive.'

"Oh Peter, don't you recognize me? Have you forgotten Dick the plantation fiddler? Do tell me whether Missis is living or dead, and I will never trouble you again. The truth flashed upon Peter's mind, and my Medusa face, as it must have almost been, seemed to turn him into stone. Strange that at that moment I could feel the ridiculous! But the oddity of his bewilderment and the comicality of its external signs, excited a smile—the feeling which caused it merely floating upon the resistless torrent of my woe, like a bubble upon the mighty flood of Niagara. His words, when he did speak, are ringing in my ears yet.

"Young Missis is dying,' and then, after a long look at me, I heard him utter to himself: 'Looks just like his father.'

"My father! my father!—who was he?"

"Old Massa!"

Thus closes the manuscript of my late friend. In looking over the daily records of personal events, however, I have found the following entries in relation to the two principal persons of this history.

June 20th, 1851.—In the Parisian correspondence (June 2) of the New York ———, a paper which owes its circulation mainly to the scandalous matter with which it fills its columns, I find to-day the following execrable paragraph:—"Among the Americans here are Mr. M—— and family, on their way home from Italy. The proud and beautiful daughter, who created such a sensation here last winter, is but the wreck of what she was. There is a story hinted about of some strange affair with one of her father's niggers."

By heavens! If Masoni sees that, I would not give a dime for the lives of either that rascally correspondent, or the scoundrelly editor.

Aug. 6th, 1852.—Oh why am I chained here to this bed of sickness! For among my letters to-day is one from Wilkins, now in New York, in which this passage occurs:

"Think of it; Masoni has turned up in this city! But he has sunk down, down, down, until he is just keeping soul and body together playing the violin, and drowning memory with liquors in the lowest dance houses! Poor fellow!"

Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

Chat with Rossini.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

[The number of the *Kölnener Zeitung*, which contains the two concluding chapters, having failed to get out, I am sorry to have to send you the *Musical World*.]

XII.

After dinner, I generally smoked a cigar with ROSSINI. For some little time, he has cultivated the noble art of smoking, having been compelled, on account of his health, to give up taking snuff, a practice of which he was most passionately fond. As he one evening offered me a regalia, with a magnanimity repeated every day, he observed:

"These cigars were first made for FERDINAND VII., after whom they are named."

"The King was a man of delicate taste," I replied, luxuriously drawing from the cigar a thick cloud of smoke.

"He used to smoke all day long," said Rossini.

"On the occasion of my making a short trip to Madrid with Aguado, I had the honor of being presented to him. He was smoking, when he received me, in the presence of the Queen. His exterior was not extraordinarily attractive, or even clean. After the interchange of a few phrases, he offered me, in a most friendly manner, a cigar already smoked away, but I declined with a bow, and did not accept it. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina, in a low voice, and good Neapolitan; 'It is a mark of favor that does not fall to every body's lot.' 'Your majesty,' I replied, in the same manner, (I had known her formerly in Naples) 'in the first place, I do not smoke, and in the second, I would not, under the circumstances, answer for the result.' The Queen laughed, and my *audacity* was attended with no evil consequences."

"It was, at any rate, a mark of favor that had its drawbacks," I observed.

"The freer from any drawback was the condescension evinced towards me by Don FRANCISCO, the king's brother," continued Rossini. "Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find in him an ardent admirer, and recommended me to go to him, immediately after my audience with the king. I find him playing, and with only his wife; I believe that one of my operas was lying open on the table. After a short conversation, Don Francisco turned towards me, in the most friendly manner, and said he had to beg a particular favor of me. 'Allow me,' he said, 'to sing the air of Assur to you, only dramatically.' Rather astonished, I sat down to accompany him on the piano, and was not quite sure what he meant, when he proceeded to the other end of the room, struck a theatrical attitude, and then to the great amusement of his wife, began to sing the air, with all kinds of movements and gestures. I must confess I never witnessed anything like it."

"How you are to be envied, maestro!" I exclaimed. "Not only did you have Pasta and Malibran, but even a descendant of Henry IV. to interpret your works. But this excursion of yours to Madrid was the cause of your composing your *Stabat Mater*, was it not?"

"I composed it for an ecclesiastic, a friend of Aguado's," replied Rossini. "I did so merely from a wish to oblige, and should never have thought of making it public. Strictly speaking, it is even treated only *mezzo serio*, and, in the first instance, I got Tadolini to compose three pieces, as I was ill, and should not have been ready in time. The great celebrity of the *Stabat Mater* by Pergolese would have been alone sufficient to prevent my setting the same text to music for public performance."

"Do you think so highly of Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*, then?" I inquired. "It is true that I never heard it performed, but on looking through it, I found I was more pleased with certain details than with the work as a whole."

"I once had it performed in Naples, and it produced an admirable impression," said Rossini. "But there must be two good voices; they must sing it well, and even elevate, by nobleness of expression, certain antiquated passages. The original simple instrumentation must be retained too. Lately, it was given by large choruses, and with modern instrumentation, somewhere or other, but where I do not know—that is a very great mistake."

"It always appeared to me," said I, "that Pergolese enjoyed a celebrity which was rather exaggerated. He died young, it is true. There are plenty of persons, too, who confound him with Palestrina, and who know as little of the one as of the other. Is there anything in the *Serva Padrone*, so often mentioned?"

"O, yes," replied Rossini, singing me a number of motives out of that old opera, without entering into any further explanations.

"There is a certain amount of sensitiveness in Pergolese's compositions, I must allow," I resumed; "and I must say that, the more I advance in years, the more I incline to what is simple and expressive. This is a remarkable fact!"

"Not at all remarkable," replied the maestro; "the feeling will grow on you more and more."

"Youth should properly be the season for sensations of this description," I replied.

"In youth," said Rossini, "we like and do a great deal, because it appears new and unusual. But the heart is developed in domestic life, and in love of children, in more mature years—you will find I am right."

"I am quite willing to believe it, my dear maestro!" said I. "The great influence that our mode of life, and those by whom we are surrounded, exerts upon us, even as artists, will be denied by no one."

"I, at least," said Rossini, "was always dependent, in the highest degree, upon external influences. The different cities in which I wrote, excited me in different ways; I adapted myself, also, to the peculiar tastes which predominated among the audiences of this or that place. For instance, in Venice they could never have enough of my *crescendo*, and I, therefore, scattered it about, although I myself was tired of it. In Naples, I was able to lay it one side; the people there did not even like it."

"Have you been present, as a calm spectator, ta

many representations of your works?" I inquired of the maestro.

"Behind the scenes, I have been so often enough, but never in the front of the house," replied Rossini.

"Never!" I exclaimed.

"I had a lesson in this particular, which spoilt my taste for it," answered Rossini. "One evening, I was invited, in Milan, to go to a friend's house, to a '*Risotto*.' It was rather too early, and, as we passed the Scala, where my *Pietra di Paragone* was being performed, my host dragged me, almost in spite of myself, into the pit. A trio—one of the best pieces of the opera—was just being sung; but my neighbors, far from being edified by it, amused themselves by abusing me and my music in the most atrocious manner, not giving me credit for a single redeeming point. I did not feel any inclination to receive any further lessons of this description, for, in such cases, you may take the part of any one, yourself excepted."

"This *Pietra di Paragone* has played rather an important part in your life, then, for, if I am not mistaken, you are indebted to it for your exemption from the conscription," said I.

"Certainly, I was singled out to be a soldier, and there was no possibility of getting off, as I was the proprietor of a house. But what a proprietor! My castle brought me in forty *lire* annually. But the success of the opera rendered the general, commanding in Milan, favorably inclined towards me—he applied in my behalf to King Eugene, who was absent at the time, and I was left to a more peaceable occupation."

"But one which is, perhaps, not less wearing," said I.

"A *fiasco* is not a cannon ball," replied the maestro, "and there are plenty of people who grow old at the business."

(Conclusion next week.)

Opera in New York.

[CONCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM MR. FRY.]

Having shown the value of the efforts of the stockholders of the Academy of Music in the cause of Art, as exhibited in the erection of that building, let us inquire how they have fostered it since, and in what degree they aid the manager. An Academy of Music, a great national school of lyrical Art, such as that purports to be, should be furnished or equipped with a stock of scenery, a wardrobe and a musical library sufficient for the performance of all standard works, without taxing the manager's pocket for their procurement. From \$50,000 to \$100,000 ought properly to have been invested in this manner, and the manager only required to pay interest and wear and tear. But the Academy opened with a stock of twelve scenes, sufficient only for the performance of two or three operas; this we believe has been the sum total of the contributions of the proprietors toward supplying its scenic and academic needs. A rent of \$24,000 per annum is the modest sum asked from a manager who is expected to give performances on about one night in three or four, taking the year through, and beside, the stockholders claim admission free to 200 of the best seats at every performance. Last year the performances amounted to about 100 at an average of \$1.50 admission, making the additional rent \$30,000, or the total at least \$54,000 a year, for a building which cost \$335,000. We should imagine that getting 16 to 17 per cent for their money is not supporting the Opera at any great damage to the stockholders' pockets.

At the commencement of the last season there appeared in a journal which devotes much attention to musical affairs, *The Courier and Enquirer*, an article upon Mr. Paine's plan of management

and prospects, containing a statement of the names and qualifications of his artists, their salaries, a list of all other weekly and monthly expenses, &c. The object of the article was to make it appear that the Italian Opera was not, never had been, and never would be supported by the people; that whenever offered at cheap prices, it had failed; that Mr. Paine's expenses would be \$21,330 a month, exclusive of rent, interest and insurance; and that his determination to advance the price of admission to \$2 was not only justified, but laudable. We find, nevertheless, that before the season was over, Mr. Paine deemed it necessary to reduce the prices one-fourth and one-half, thereby acknowledging that the people had something to do with it, and seeking at the eleventh hour to enlist their sympathies.

[Here follow extracts, already copied in this Journal for Oct. 6, 1855.]

According to these statistical details of *The Courier and Enquirer*, the monthly expenses of the Opera at the Academy have been \$21,330, exclusive of rent. There have been three performances a week, or thirteen a month. This gives a nightly expense of \$1,641, beside rent. As we have before shown, there were about 100 performances last year, and the rent was \$54,000, or an average of \$540 a night; which, added to the \$1,641, gives the expense of Mr. Paine's season as \$2,181 a night.

Having now shown what Italian Opera costs as performed upon one third of the acting nights of the year, in a house devoted exclusively to it, by a company engaged by the week or month for short seasons, let us examine what it would cost given in conjunction with English Opera or other not more expensive entertainments, such as ballet and Ravel-like pantomime, in the same house, open, theatre fashion, every acting night; and if we show that 313 performances could thus in a year be afforded, including 150 of Italian Opera, in a style equal to that in which it is now presented—the whole 313 performances costing little more than the 100 are now said to cost—ask why Italian Opera may not in that manner be really established and find its support from the much-abused "mass of the people," by offering it to them at prices of admission within their means.

How this might be accomplished we will attempt to show. We are not sure that any Italian Opera manager has taken up the business here as a merchant enters upon one of equal magnitude, investing a sufficiently large capital, laying out plans for business years ahead, and making provision for possible losses as well as probable profits. On the contrary the Opera has been expected to pay its way month by month, or explode periodically. A manager to form a company perfectly should pass a year in Europe, travelling about to hear artists on the stage, and to make engagements, commencing when existing contracts should expire. This is the way in which good artists might be sought out, and if engaged for a long term, say one, two or three years, secured at salaries a half or third of those now usually paid. The American manager, on the contrary, generally goes or sends his agent to Europe a few months only before the commencement of his brief season. He must make his selection from the artists at the moment unemployed, whose qualifications he must decide upon from hearing them sing with the accompaniment of a piano; because others whom he hears upon the stage in character are under engagement at the time. A theatrical manager could hardly make a good selection of a company from hearing them read seated at a table, and an opera manager cannot very well decide upon a prima donna's ability to act Norma from seeing her seated at a piano in a parlor singing *Casta Diva*. Yet such is the manner in which contracts are made. We are speaking now of what generally happens; of course there are exceptional cases, and American managers and their agents have frequently secured artists of rare powers at very moderate salaries.

We will suppose a manager at this moment forming a company to perform Italian and English Opera on alternate nights, at the Academy of

Music, upon every acting night of the years 1857 and 1858, and with adequate capital securing the services of artists for the whole term. We believe, with good judgement, an Italian company of principal singers in every respect equal to that now engaged in Fourteenth street, and an English company equal to any that has appeared in New-York, could for that period be secured, and all other salaries and expenses, even including the \$54,000 a year rent, be paid and the nightly expenses not exceed \$975. For it must be remembered that, with the exception of the double set of principal singers, hardly any more people need be employed or higher salaries need be paid for six performances a week than for three. The additional expenses being only doorkeepers, ushers, policemen, supernumeraries, carpenters, gas, fuel, bill-printing, and a few insignificant items. The monthly expenses may be estimated thus:

ITALIAN COMPANY.		ENGLISH COMPANY.	
One Prima Donna.....	\$1,000	One Prima Donna.....	\$1,000
One Contralto.....	500	One ditto.....	500
One Comprimaria.....	300	One Second Donna.....	100
One Second Donna.....	100	One First Tenor.....	1,000
One First Tenor.....	1,200	One ditto.....	400
One ditto.....	400	One Second Tenor.....	100
One Second Tenor.....	100	One Baritone.....	500
One Baritone.....	1,000	One Bass.....	500
One Buffo Bass.....	500	One Second Bass.....	100
One Serious Bass.....	500		
One Second Bass.....	100	Total.....	\$29,900
SALARIES AND OTHER EXPENSES, COMMON TO BOTH COMPANIES.			
Fifty orchestra.....	\$3,000	Three Doorkeepers.....	\$130
Forty chorus.....	2,000	Three Policemen.....	130
Leader.....	500	Treasurer.....	200
Prompter.....	100	10e Runner to Press.....	24
Chorus master.....	100	Three Tailors.....	120
Stage manager.....	100	Bill posters.....	150
Twelve carpenters.....	400	Hair dressers.....	80
Forty supernumeraries.....	400	Sweepers, Cleaners, and	
Call boy.....	20	Firemen.....	120
Property man and boy.....	70	Gas.....	800
Two servants.....	60	All other expenses except	
Stage doorkeeper.....	30	rent.....	2,000
Two gas men.....	80	Rent.....	4,500
Nine ushers.....	234		
Total.....			\$25,248

By the above estimate, based in regard to salaries of principal singers upon those which were actually paid to such artists as Bosio, Tedesco, Steffanoni, Laborde, Salvi, Benedetti, Badiali, Susini and others of equal grade, rather than the probably much reduced ones at which artists of equal ability could be secured by good management, and taking time by the forelock in the manner we have indicated, and calculated with regard to all other salaries and expenses on the most liberal scale, the monthly expenses add up \$25,248, or \$971 a night, 26 acting nights to the month. In the above estimate a rent is calculated at the enormous sum of \$54,000 a year. But if the stockholders would be satisfied with ten per cent a year for their investment and take \$33,000 rent and supply the house with \$50,000 of scenery, wardrobe and music, charging 20 per cent rent for that additional, the item of \$2,000 a month at the close of the above estimate would be reduced nearly one half and the nightly expenses would not exceed \$870.

The receipts of the New-York theatres now amount to over \$2,000 a night, six nights a week, exclusive of any receipts of opera houses or concerts. The Italian Opera expenses alone were said to be, according to the statement we have given from a cotemporary, at the rate of \$25,000, about the same amount as, according to our calculation, two companies, the foreign Italian and the popular English, could be supported. The reader may judge from this of Italian Operatic chances of success, based on the continuance of the present system with high prices, in comparison with that we have indicated or attempted at very moderate ones.—*Tribune*, Jan. 5.

A NEW MUSICAL WONDER. The Italian journals have frequently described in terms of enthusiasm the performances of a blind Sardinian shepherd named Pico, on an instrument they call the Tibia Pastoral—to wit, a half-penny whistle of the rudest and most primitive construction, with only three holes, and its length not exceeding that of a finger; yet upon this barbarous instrument he has performed at the San Carlos and La Scala, and the Neapolitan and other papers affirm that the blind musician draws sounds as dulcet as those of the sweetest flute, and that his execution upon it is still more marvellous. The poor Italian minstrel has arrived in Paris to perform at the Italian Opera.

Diary Abroad.—No. 31.

BERLIN, DEC. 26.—Reading Chorley's "Music in Germany" with a great deal of pleasure. Here are two or three notes which occurred during its perusal.

Page 180. Frederick II. "Had an unadorned tomb in the Garrison church at Potsdam, whence Napoleon carried off his sword."

Two or three times when I have gone out to Potsdam, with parties of Americans, I have gone to the old sexton, a tall, slender man, with venerable white locks, after the key. He gives the following reasons for thinking the story of Napoleon's theft, (recorded in Murray's Handbook for Travellers) is a mistake. 1st. He opened the tomb for Napoleon, went in with him, and heard him say: "If you were living now, I should not be here," but did not see him carry off the sword;—and 2nd, no sword had lain there! Rather conclusive that!

Page 184. "Schickaneder, the Vienna buffoon manager, for whom the *Zauberflöte* was composed, and who wrote the incomprehensible libretto."

In an old volume of the London *Musical World* (or was it the *Harmonicon*?) I recollect reading the death of a German teacher in the University of Dublin, Ireland, who claimed to be the author of that libretto, though Schickaneder altered it to suit him. It was impressed upon my mind by the recollection that Da Ponte, of Don Juan memory, died as an Italian teacher, in New York. Nissen and the authorities all give Schickaneder as the author.

P. 188. Hoffmann's "Undine" is spoken of. The score is now in the Royal Library at Berlin, and a copyist is at work upon the overture, which the Americans in the city will present to Liebig as a New Year's gift.

P. 301. Speaking of Weber's "Euryanthe." "It is difficult to understand what freak of prudery drove the German adapters of the exquisite 'Cymbeline' of Shakespeare so utterly to transform and distort and weaken its incidents." Mr. Chorley is under the general misapprehension in this. The story of "Euryanthe" is not taken from "Cymbeline" at all, but from a manuscript in the Library at Paris, entitled *Histoire de Gerard de Nevers et de la belle et vertueuse Euryant de Soreye sa niece*, of which I possess a translation, made by Frau von Chezy, and printed at Berlin in 1823. She says in her preface that this *Histoire* is the original of one of Boccaccio's tales, and of the "Cymbeline" of Shakespeare.

P. 302. Speaking of Helmine von Chezy: "She has been described to me as that most doleful of all things, an untidy, unhappy, unsuccessful woman of letters—a slatternly Sappho, from whom all men shrank—eager, old, warm-hearted, and (if I mistake not) fat." He gives also an anecdote of "the battered old authoress" stumbling over the benches at Vienna to see the first performance of her opera.

How much of the above description may be true, I do not know; but as she is still living in Switzerland, and is now about seventy years of age, the epithets given could hardly all have applied to her thirty-three years ago. As she was living at Dresden at the time "Euryanthe" was given in Vienna, when we consider the difficulties of travelling in 1823, we can hardly believe that she went on to that city and waited there weeks just to see a work, which she knew, if successful, Kapellmeister Weber would immediately after give in his own theatre in Dresden. The story is absurd. I have material enough to make many a page about the history of "Euryanthe."

Vol. II. Chap. 14. A long criticism upon Mozart. The whole may be comprehended in these few words: Mozart was the greatest musician that ever lived; but Bach, Handel, Gluck, and Beethoven were all greater men, and had greater ideas to express, each in his own way.

The chapter upon Beethoven, in Vol. II., I consider founded upon misapprehension, and an ignorance of his real history. Nobody can know Beethoven from the English work which bears Moscheles' name upon its title-page.

DEC. 30. Liebig gave us Haydn's "Farewell Symphony" today, and this reminds me to do what I have long intended—that is, to translate the following passage from Griesinger's "Historical Notices of Joseph Haydn:"

"In the orchestra of Prince Esterhazy were several

young married men, who, in summer, when the Prince visited his castle Esterhazy, were forced to leave their wives at Eisenstadt. Contrary to his usual custom, the Prince determined one summer to remain several weeks longer at the castle. The tender husbands, exceedingly disconcerted by this, turned to Haydn and besought him to aid them in their extremity.

"The idea occurred to Haydn of writing a symphony (that known as the "Farewell Symphony") in which one instrument after the other becomes silent. This work was performed at the first opportunity in presence of the Prince, and each musician was directed to put out his light as soon as he had finished his part, to collect his music, and with his instrument under his arm, to go away. The prince and all present understood the meaning of this pantomime at once, and the next day the order followed to break up and leave Esterhazy.

"So Haydn related to me the occasion of the Farewell Symphony. The variation that Haydn had by this work moved his prince from the determination to dismiss his orchestra, and thus had again secured bread to so many men, is indeed finer, practically considered, but not historically correct."

Thus Griesinger, an old acquaintance of Haydn, drives a nail through that false coin.

DEC. 27.—I came across an interesting book today, at an Antiquarian Bookstore, and have another copy of the first edition in view. The title of this is:

LEOPOLD MOZART'S
Hochfürstl. Salzburger Vice Capellmeisters
Gründliche
Violin Schule
mit
vier Kupfertafeln
und
einer Tabelle.
—
Zweite vermehrte Auflage.
—
Auf Kosten des Verfassers.

Angsburg.
Gedruckt bey Johann Jacob Lotter, 1769.

It is a beautifully printed, clean copy, on good paper; and I have bought it in hopes some Library at home will want it and its mate—when I get it. It is in 4to. 268 pages, and is the father of all good works on the subject. He excuses himself for having so long delayed a second edition of a work which "already three years before was almost entirely sold," and "had become very rare," thus: "I was, namely since 1762, very little at home. The extraordinary talents with which a good God had in full measure blessed my two children, was the occasion of my journey through a great part of Germany, and of my very long residence in France, Holland, England, &c.

"I might here take opportunity to entertain the public with a history, which perhaps comes but once in a century, and which in the realm of music in such a degree of the wonderful perhaps never was for once known; I might describe particularly the wonderful genius of my son; might relate his incomprehensible swift progress in the entire round of musical science from the fifth to the thirteenth year of his age; and I could, in a matter so difficult to believe, rest upon the unanswerable witness of many of the highest European courts, of the greatest masters of music, yes, indeed upon the very testimony of envy itself," &c.

Is not that pleasant?

Speaking of Mozart (father) reminds me of a book lent me by an Antiquarian here. It is Marpur's "Critische Beyträge," a sort of musical periodical, which appeared between 1750 and 1760, and which is very highly prized by the learned musicians of Germany. It is the only copy I have found for sale in a year and a half, save a copy, in a complete collection of Marpur's works, which is now in New York. The work is in five pocket volumes, and the price is \$4 (our money.) In the third volume I find this account of Leopold Mozart, an account more complete of his works than any one I know in English. This was printed in 1757, the next year after the great Mozart's birth, and brings down the father's history to the period in which it became intimately connected with that of his son. I quote from an article giving a complete list of all the court musicians and singers at that time in Salzburg—an article which would have thrown much light upon the condition of Mozart during his years in the service of the Archbishop, had his biographers had it. It appears that in 1757, Leopold Mozart was not yet raised to the rank of vice

Kapellmeister, for his name in this catalogue occurs under the heading of "Court Composers." But to my translation:—

"Herr Leopold Mozart, from the imperial city of Augsburg, is violinist and leader of the Orchestra. He composes for the church and the chamber. He was born on the 14th of the Winter-month (December), 1719, and soon after finishing his studies in 'World-wisdom' (Philosophy) and Jurisprudence, in the year 1743 entered into the service of the prince. He has made himself known in all styles of composition, though he has sent nothing to press, except six sonatas, à 3, engraved by himself, principally, however, for the sake of practising engraving. In the May-month (July), 1756, he published his Violin School.

"Of the compositions of Herr Mozart, which have become known in manuscript, the most noteworthy are many contrapuntal and church pieces; farther a large number of Symphonies, partly only à 4, and partly for all the usual instruments; also 30 grand Serenatas, in which solos for various instruments are introduced. Besides many Concertos, especially for Flauto traverso, Oboe, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, &c., innumerable trios and divertimenti for different instruments, he has composed also twelve oratorios, a mass of theatrical pieces, and even pantomimes, and especially music for particular occasions, such as a military piece with trumpets, drums, kettle do., and fifes, in addition to the usual instruments; a piece of Turkish music; a piece for a steel spring-keyed instrument; and finally a sleigh-ride piece with five strings of sleigh-bells; not to speak of marches, *nicht pieces*, so called, and many hundred minuets, opera dances, and such small pieces."

Leopold Mozart was most decidedly an industrious man!

The other two Court composers are Herr Caspar Cristelli, a violoncellist from Vienna, and Herr Ferdinand Seidl, of Falkenberg, in Silesia, violinist.

"The three Court composers," adds the writer, "play both in the Church and Chamber upon their instruments, and, in turn with the Kapellmeister (Eberlin) have the direction of the Court music, each his week, during which all the music is under the charge of him who officiates, and he can produce as he pleases his own music, or that of others."

Other notices in these volumes show that, had not Leopold Mozart had such a son, his own name would have held an important place in the musical history of the last century.

[I have been after the older copy of the "Violin School"—but came too late.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 26, 1856.

Fifth Orchestral Concert.

The Music Hall last Saturday evening was much fuller than it has been at any concert of this kind before, this winter, and yet the programme was almost entirely "classical." The extension of the orchestra platform some eight or ten feet forward into the room (in anticipation of the erection of the BEETHOVEN statue), while it sacrifices about a hundred seats, really improves the sound of the orchestra, by bringing the instruments more upon a level. The old C minor symphony of Beethoven, the first love of Bostonians, and which in the last twenty years has probably been played here four times where any other symphony has once, seemed to have lost nothing of its charm. It was listened to with most devout and rapt attention; it had the soul's homage of every hearer; all felt the power, the magnetism of genius, and were lifted up to breathe the atmosphere of great thoughts. We shall not anew attempt description of a work grown so familiar. Of the performance we may say it was in the main one of

the most effective that we can remember, yet not free from imperfections. In the very rapid *tempo*, in which the first movement and the Scherzo are always taken,—and indeed there seems to be no such thing as resisting the fiery impetus residing in the very spirit of the music,—the ear demands a greater mass of strings to make every phrase appreciable. We have never yet heard all the unaccented notes in those nervous violin figures of the Allegro, from whatsoever orchestra. Would greater distinctness be too dearly purchased by a somewhat slower tempo? We suppose every musician would say yes. But this time the Allegro was occasionally obscured somewhat by lack of perfect unanimity and precision of all the instruments; even the opening three notes ("Fate knocking at the door") were not distinctly three; and here and there a wind instrument came in not vitally prompt. Yet as a whole the thing made its mark. The Andante was as beautiful as ever, and vigorously applauded; the *piu moto*, however, in the latter part, was not sufficiently observed, and just there certain *appoggiature* for the oböe were rather too sleepily taken. The Scherzo only suffered, as it always does, from the indistinct rumble of that scrambling passage of the double basses; it would seem to require a dozen BOTTESINIS to bring out the composer's thought there satisfactorily. The glorious march of the finale was rendered with great spirit, and never have we seen a whole audience held in more breathless wonder by the surprises of the operatic stage than they were by that marvellous return of the quick three-four beat in the midst of the square and stately movement of the march.

No. 2. A piece of MOZART's tender, noble, truthful melody, the air: *Dove sono*, from the "Marriage of Figaro," was sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, whose voice lacks warmth and largeness for Mozart, and whose rendering, while clear, and chaste, and conscientious, seemed uninspired; yet her tones were pure and penetrating, the performance had a certain simple beauty characteristic of all her singing, and it was a pleasure to hear such music, so correctly sung, even if it requires the LINDS to do it perfect justice.

No. 3. The exquisite romantic overture to *Oberon*, in which WEBER is as happily and almost as powerfully himself as in the *Freyschütz*, a work, too, which has its individual fairy charm distinct from that. It was the best played piece of the evening, and gave entire satisfaction.—The horn passage came out with delicious purity.

No. 4. Andante and Variations, and Finale, from BEETHOVEN's Septet, op. 20, played by the original instruments (Messrs. SCHULTZE, violin, ZOEHLER, viola, WULF FRIES, 'cello, STEIN, contrabasso, SCHULZ, clarinet, HAMANN, horn, and HUNSTOCK, bassoon.) We have never found this Septet a peculiarly interesting or Beethovenish composition—considered as a work by Beethoven. It is a little more commonplace in idea than most of his works; you outgrow it more easily; but of course it is masterly in treatment, and the peculiar combination of instruments is interesting in itself. The Andante and variations is the portion most frequently performed, though the first part of the Septet is more striking. It was neatly and artistically played, but the *ensemble* seemed dwarfed in so large a hall. Had it been practicable, the Parisian plan of doubling or trebling each of the

string-instruments would have made the whole more balanced and effective. The three wind-instruments were beautifully played, as also the violoncello—these we mention as being the more prominent members of the seven.

5. WULF FRIES called down thunders of applause by his very skilful playing of a violoncello solo: *Souvenirs de Spa*, by SERVAIS. Of the piece itself we cannot say much, since it says too much for itself, being inordinately long, and merely a show piece.

6. HAYDN's naive, graceful, pretty canzonet: "My mother bids me bind my hair," (one of the twelve he wrote in England.) This was admirably suited to the voice and manner of Mrs. WENTWORTH, and was most sweetly sung by her, and gracefully accompanied by Mr. TREMKLE. Long and loud were the efforts to procure a repetition.

7. The dreamy, pensive *Notturmo* from MENDELSSOHN's "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—always a favorite in the "Germania" concerts—did not flow quite as smoothly as in those times; it needed more rehearsal, more toning down of the strong colors; yet it was greatly relished.

8. For a finale, or "beginning of the end," during which restless people will keep going out, the overture to the "Siege of Corinth" was sufficiently noisy and Sebastopol-like. We cannot think it one of ROSSINI's best; the thoughts are common-place (excepting the airy little Allegro theme, which comes in finally,) even to reminding one in passages of old-fashioned patriotic glees of Yankeeedom; it is a thing for JULIEN.

The Italian Opera.

When this syren makes us her annual visit, we know just about what songs she will sing. They are mainly those that have turned the heads of young people year after year; the *Normas*, the *Borgias*, the *Favoritas*, &c. &c., still constitute the chief part of the repertoire. Yet such return too brings one or two novelties. This time the enchantment opened with the new yield of the last season—a rather hard and acrid fruit to some of us—called the *Trovatore*; yet many plucked and ate thereof more eagerly than of the other juicier, sweeter, and more wholesome fruit, the last and best yield of Rossini's genius, "William Tell." The passion for VERDI and the *Trovatore* especially, often strikes us like the boy's fondness for green apples; and the tree that bears them has become so used to ministering to the abnormal appetite, that one doubts whether its apples ever would ripen, even if left alone, whether it ever can produce anything sweet, and sound, and wholesome.

But *de gustibus* is a maxim to which we defer this time, rather than enter into a long argument. Suffice it to say, however, that there is very little point in the common newspaper remark that *Il Trovatore* is popular, in spite of "classical" objections. It is not at all a question of classical or un-classical. It matters very little whether an opera be "classical," provided it be good; provided it have beauty, genial inspiration, feeling, truth. The ground of disappointment in *Il Trovatore* was nothing traditional or technical; but simply this: that we do not find it natural and true; its fierce assaults upon our nerves are anything but pathos; it surprises (*i. e.* as long as its methods are new) but speaks not to our feelings; it sacrifices truth continually to effect. It goes

out of the way for startling, harrowing subjects, not trusting itself to find interesting music in the heart that throbs under more near and common situations. Verdi loves to deal in a lurid furnace atmosphere, in which his characters move like salamanders; they are hot, but not warm from within; the fire that animates their song and action is of the same kind with the fire that encompasses them. Azucena, the gypsy, is the central figure in the *Trovatore*; her brain whirls with the constant whirling image of the flame which burned her mother at the stake. Her first song, which becomes the musical motive and pivot of the piece, *Stride la vampa*, is whirling flame translated into music; it whirls again and again in the orchestra, when she is not singing. That terror absorbs all the other feeling which there might be in the play; what impression do the love strains of Leonora and Manrico leave comparatively? We have called Verdi's melodies steel-clad; they come upon you like knights in grey steel armor, visors down; there is some charm of mystery, but you would rather see their human faces, which you never do, until you doubt but that they are ghost knights, and you hate the very fascination of the dream.

But we forget; the *Trovatore* is popular; that justifies, necessitates the frequent presentation; that (with the names of LAGRANGE and DIDIEE) almost filled the Boston Theatre with a brilliant audience on Monday night, and we must speak of the performance. In many points it was excellent, far superior to that of last year; yet wanting much, they say, who judged from the Parisian standard. We had not the original Verdi instrumentation, for which of course allowance must be made in favor of Sig. Verdi. Parts were hurried, as that tenor solo from the tower, in which, too, the thrumming guitar accompaniment (did Verdi mean it so?) was trivial. But the ensembles were generally good, and it was well put upon the stage,—at least for this latitude. Mme. LAGRANGE sang the music of Leonora admirably, and moved upon the stage with most lady-like and artistic grace, one of the very best of lyric actresses. The great compass of her voice, her remarkable control of the highest notes, and her consummate mastery of vocal instrumentation, combined with uniformly good taste, go far to supply the want of warmth and richness in her voice; and as for feeling, she gave at least all that resides in the music. In the midst of the wearisome false pathos of the last act, it was really a relief to us, when she indulged a little in her own speciality, in pure bird-like vocalization, where we could enjoy her liquid high notes, trills, and *floriture*, as a fresh fact independent of the tragedy.

Mlle. NANTIER DIDIEE, the new contralto, or rather perhaps mezzo-soprano, made a capital Azucena; she looked the gypsy truly, and both as an actress and a singer was at once acknowledged as a very superior artist. Her voice, especially in the middle parts, is one of the most rich and beautiful that we have ever heard.

Signor BRIGNOLI again takes the part of Manrico, the troubador. He sings very sweetly, with a tenor of considerable power and warmth; yet hardly of the manly quality, as his art is not much above sentimental prettiness. AMODIO, whose energetic efforts are in contrast with his heavy mould, possesses a remarkably rich and strong baritone, which he uses sometimes with good ef-

fect; but more frequently it uses him, and tempts him into overdoing; the strong creature is not quite subdued to the harmonious limitations of Art.

On Wednesday evening a large audience were disappointed by the sudden substitution of *Norma* for *Lucrezia Borgia*, the music of the latter having failed to arrive. But those who staid were not unrewarded. We had not believed it possible for us to find such pleasure in *Norma*. But after the *Trovatore* there was warmth and music in it. Then the performance, for the two acts which we heard, was about the best that we have heard.—Mme. LAGRANGE sings *Norma* better than any one before her, and is only second to GRISI in the acting. Miss ELISE HENSLE, forced thus suddenly into a debut in a secondary part, made the best Adalgisa we have ever witnessed. In her motions somewhat constrained and timid, she was yet true to the character; a maidenly simplicity and refinement characterized her appearance; her voice is singularly sweet and pure and finely cultivated, only affected with a little too much of the *tremolo*, which we find also in LAGRANGE; and she sang the music admirably, especially in the duet with *Norma*, in which some striking variations were introduced. Never have we heard the Trio as a whole made so effective; and here Sig. SALVIANI, a tenor new to us, comes in for a large share of credit. For the first time was the stupid part of Pollione made at all interesting to us. He is awkward and grotesque in gesture, but sings finely, with a good, rich, robust voice, and seems a singer of a sound, pre-Verdiite school. Sig. GASPARDONI also made a good Oroveso, and the choruses were well sung.

Last night was to be Miss HENSLE's proper debut in *Linda*. This afternoon *Trovatore* again. For next week, the programme (while we write) is not announced, but rumor speaks of *I Puritani*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Semiramide*. That would be a rich week.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The hundredth anniversary of MOZART's birthday (Jan. 27) will be musically celebrated in various parts of Germany. In Brunswick, his first great opera, *Idomeneo*, is to be performed. The Sing Academie, in the same city have given an admirable performance of MENDELSSOHN's *Paulus*. . . SHAKSPEARE's "Tempest," compressed into three acts by Herr DINGELSTEDT, and with new music by TAUBERT, was produced in splendid style at Munich, on the anniversary of the King's birth-day. . . WAGNER's *Lohengrin* has been successfully produced at Hanover; and, indeed, throughout Germany that opera and the *Tannhäuser* still have their run. An overture of Wagner's, called *Faust*, written it is said in Paris in 1840, and since revised, was produced for the first time in Germany, at a Leipzig charity concert in November last. Some admired, and some shook their heads and called it "strange" or "bad," or (strangest thing of all to say) "an imitation of SCHUMANN." The same concert contained BEETHOVEN's *Egmont* music, and other fine things. In Berlin, "the Romanticists," as the LISZT and WAGNER party are called, have started Symphony Concerts of their own, of which a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes as follows: "The 'Symphony Soirées,' which have for many years been played in the royal chapel, consisted almost exclusively of the works of classic composers. In opposition to these, the 'Orchestral Union,' founded by the romantic school, has started a series of Symphony Soirées of their own, in which the compositions not only of the old classic, but also of the modern school are to be played. In fact, in these concerts Beethoven occupied quite as much space as Schubert and Niels-Gade, and in fact it is to the classical school, or to their execution of its pieces, that the 'Romanticists' owe the full houses

which they have had. But we shall ere long see the Romantic reserve corps coming out in all their strength, when those papers which are in the Romantic interest will begin to blow their trumpets in full chorus. The war will be carried on bravely; it will abound in incident, and the musical reviews in the papers will abound in Romantic expressions of force which will remind one of the 'Storm and pressure Period' in our literature. But there can be little doubt as to the opinion which the educated musical pupils of Berlin will pronounce. . . . At one of the last of the Berlin *Sinfonie Soirées*, the programme included two Symphonies: Haydn's in D, and Beethoven's *Pastorale*; and two overtures: Spohr's *Faust* and Mendelssohn's to *Athalie*. . . . We don't know how much truth there may be in the following story:

A HEROIC MUSICIAN.—Among the wounded at the storming of Sebastopol, was a musician, who received a shot in the knee, and was under the necessity of having his leg amputated in consequence. As usual, preparations were made for binding him down, in order that he might not be able to move.

"What are you doing, doctor?" inquired the wounded man.

"I must take off your leg, and it is, therefore, necessary that you should be bound down," replied the doctor.

"I will never consent to such a proceeding," exclaimed the musician. "You may tear my heart from out my breast, but I will never consent to be bound down. If you have a violin, bring it me."

A violin was brought. After tuning it, the wounded man said:

"Now, doctor, you may begin."

The operation, which lasted about thirty minutes, now commenced, and the patient played his violin the whole time, without a single false note, or the slightest change in his features! (?)—*Neue Berliner Music Zeitung*.

One of the London papers, the *Morning Advertiser*, "flourishes like a green bay tree" in the matter of musical criticism. Noticing Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT's performance of the "Messiah," it describes Handel's innocent and simple little "Pastoral Symphony," as if it had set the writer dreaming of Beethoven's, to-wit:

"The Pastoral Symphony—that wondrous combination of sounds, which tells us, even were we ignorant of its intent, and of the sublime and simple genius of its author, of the pattering of the summer shower and the rattle of the storm, while the rapt auditor is placed by the fairy chords amidst flowery meads and the trill of birds—was listened to with an earnest impatience, as forming the prelude to Madame Goldschmidt's first vocalization."

Of that fourth oratorio performance at Exeter Hall (the "Creation" was repeated for the third) the *Times* says: "On the whole, the soprano music in the "Messiah" was never before sung with such impressive earnestness and general excellence as by Mme. Goldschmidt." *Divine*, it says, is the fittest epithet to apply to her singing of *There were Shepherds and He shall feed his flock*.

The London *Musical World* is a funny paper, good-natured and jolly in spite of its sins. It quotes something from a recent number of our Journal, as from "our excellent transatlantic contemporary, whom we love in spite of his abuse of us."—(Was it abuse to tell how much you loved us, how eagerly you appropriated the good things in our columns. We thank our respected friend and lover also, for the following answer to an "INQUIRER"—Dwight's Boston Journal of Music is by many degrees the best and the most impartial;) and for the compliment to our own town: "We are glad, by the way, to observe that the amateurs and critics of Boston are not quite so mad in their appreciations of music as some of their brethren in the 'Empire City.'" We assure our friend, however, (why not as well confess it?) that *Il Trovatore* is quite popular here, and so is the *Tannhäuser* overture.

We regret to learn that Miss ADELAIDE HOHN-STOCK died of consumption, a few days since, after a long illness, in Philadelphia, where she has resided for some years with her brother KARL, the violinist, and was greatly esteemed as a pianist and teacher, as well as for her frank and generous character, and her real passion for her Art. Many of our readers remember the talented, enthusiastic girl, as she gave concerts here in Boston, with her brother, some years since, playing so finely the sonatas of Beethoven, particularly the "Kreutzer," and singing *Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn*, and how touching was her frail appearance, as if the musical passion were consuming her bloom of youth. She was a native of Brunswick, Germany. Her patience during her long, distressing illness had enlisted the sympathies of many warm friends.

ROBERT SCHUMANN's malady has lately become much worse (so says the correspondent of the London *Musical World*), and he employs his time in drawing maps. . . . Dr. CARL LOEWE has produced a new oratorio called *Job*, which "A. W. T." in the *Mus. Review*, says contains some things pretty and some things hard and dry. We have happened to be familiar with two earlier oratorios by Loewe, of a light and pleasing character, and quite dramatic, viz: "John Huss" and "Seven Sleepers." Besides these, he has written "The Apostles at Philippi," *Die Festlichen Zeiten*, "Guttenberg," "The Brazen Serpent," and "The Destruction of Jerusalem;" also at least two operas, and a vast deal of music in many forms. But his great talent has lain in the composition of German ballads, of a wild, romantic character, in which some of his descriptive accompaniments are wonderfully effective. His music to the old Scotch ballad: *Edward, why draps thy sword wi' bluid?* is really terrible.

In Philadelphia, a grand centennial celebration of the birth of MOZART is to take place next Monday evening, under the auspices of the "Musical Union," in which various musical societies will take part, such as the "Concordia," "Mozart," "St. Cecilia," "Liedertafel," "Männerchor," "Thalia," "Sängerbund," &c., together with a powerful orchestra, and other amateur and professional talent, L. METZGER being conductor. The musical selections will include the 12th Mass, Symphony, choruses, operatic finales, songs, duets, piano-forte sonatas, &c., all by the great master; and during the evening an oration on the "Life and genius of Mozart" will be delivered by THOMAS FITZGERALD, Esq. . . . New Orleans papers are full of PARODI and the STRAKOSCHES, who are giving there essentially the same programmes which they gave here a couple of months since. . . . TEDESCO succeeds the late Mlle. CRUVELLI at the opera in Paris, soon to be followed by Mme. BORGHI MAMO, at 8,000 francs per month.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—An *opera-bouffon*, in two acts, the libretto by M. Henry Trianon, and the music by M. Théodore Labarre, (the harpist) entitled *Pantagruel*, was produced at the Grand-Opéra, on Monday week. The characters were distributed among MM. Obin, Bonlo, Belval, Marié, Koenig, Sabin, Pissarello, Mesdames Poinot and Laborde. The opera was well put on the stage. The Emperor and Empress were present. Owing, however, to the opinion of subscribers that the Grand-Opéra was not a fitting arena for *opera-bouffon*, *Pantagruel* was withdrawn, although it had been announced for repetition on the following evening. At the Opéra-Comique *Les Saisons*, an opera in three acts, libretto by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbieri, music by M. Victor Massé, has been produced with success. MM. Battaille, Delaunay-Riquier Coudere, Sainte-Foy, Lejeune, Mlles. Caroline Duprez, Lemerrier, Lagier, and Lesserre are the executants. The Emperor and Empress were present at the first representation. At the Théâtre-Italien, Mlle. Virginie Bocabadati has made her debut with tolerable success in *La Sonnambula*. Mlle. Pozzi played Lisa, M. Mongini Elvino, and M. Angelini Rodolphe. The ball, given at the Opera for the benefit of the poor of the eighth *arrondissement*, was brilliantly attended and produced 50,000 francs.

Advertisements.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE —OF— BEETHOVEN.

THE Directors of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL with the co-operation of the Committee of the Orchestral Concerts, propose to celebrate the placing of CRAWFORD'S BRONZE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN in the MUSIC HALL, by a GRAND FESTIVAL to take place on SATURDAY, March 1st, 1856.

The Festival will open with a Poetical Prologue, written and recited by Wm. W. STORY, Esq. The Prologue ended, the Programme will be as nearly as possible the following:

Overture to *Egmont*—Grand Aria from *Fidelio*—Fantasia for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra—*Adelaide* song—First movement of Violin Concerto—and the CHORAL SYMPHONY.

As the Festival is consecrated to the memory of the greatest of Composers, and as it is the first time that a Statue of a great artist has been erected in America, the Committee hope there will be shown among the members of the musical profession a desire to assist in the said celebration, and will gratefully receive any proposition from individual artists to that effect.

In behalf of the Committee,
CHARLES C. PERKINS, Chairman.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Seventh Series.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club's SIXTH CONCERT

Will take place on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 29th, 1856, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms, assisted by Mrs. E. A. WESTWORTH, vocalist. . . . Mendelssohn's Quintette in A—Quintette of Schumann (first time in Boston)—Quartette by Haydn, etc., will be presented.

(Half Packages of Four Tickets, \$2.50. Single tickets, \$1 each. Concert will commence at 7½ precisely.

THE GERMAN TRIO.

THE THIRD CONCERT will take place THIS (Saturday) EVENING.

BOSTON THEATRE.

ITALIAN OPERA.

The Manager has the honor of announcing that arrangements have been made to give

A SEASON OF NINE NIGHTS OF ITALIAN OPERA, AT THE BOSTON THEATRE,

Commencing on MONDAY, January 21st, 1856, and continuing during a period of three weeks—the Opera Nights being fixed for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week.

The repertoire will consist of the following most popular Operas.

I Puritani, Norma, Semiramide,
Il Trovatore, Linda di Chamounix, Don Giovanni,
Sonnambula, La Favorita, The Prophet.

In addition to the nine regular representations there will be an extra performance each Saturday Afternoon.

TO THE BOSTON PUBLIC.

Relying upon and feeling confident of your cordial support, it has been determined, on the part of the management, in carrying out the above announcement, to spare no effort to present these representations in an unexceptionable manner.

During the season, the following Artists will have the honor of appearing before you, and in the list may be found the names of many who have met with the most complete and flattering success both in Europe and America.

Madame ANNA DE LA GRANGE,
Miss ELISE HENSLEY,
Mlle. NANTIER DIDIERE,
Mlle. MARTINI D'ORMY,
Mlle. VENTARDI.

Signori BRIGNOLI, SALVIANI, MORELLI, AMODIO, ROVERE, GASPARI, GIULIO, ARNOLDI, QUINTO, MUELLER,

And in the Ballet, Mlle. DE LA VIGNE, Mons. HIPPOLITE.

AMATI DUBREUIL, Stage Manager.
MAX MARETZKE, Musical Director & Conductor.

The prices of admission are placed at the lowest possible sum that will probably ensure a return of the large expenditure required. They will be as follows:

Balcony, \$2.00
Parquet and First Tier, 1.50
Second Tier, 1.00
Amphitheatre, 50

Seats secured in all parts of the house, except the Amphitheatre.

The Office for securing reserved seats for the season, will open at the Music store of E. H. WADE, No. 197 Washington Street, on Monday, January 14, 1856.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

—GIVES—
INSTRUCTION on the PIANO-FORTE,

And may be addressed at her residence, 55 Hancock St.

GEORGE W. PRATT,

MUSIC ROOM UNDER PARK STREET CHURCH.

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